

The Storm Brewing

by danvseveryone

Category: Gravity Falls

Genre: Angst

Language: English

Characters: F. McGucket, Grunkle Ford

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 04:23:58

Updated: 2016-04-12 04:23:58

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:28:18

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 689

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The Storm brewing inside their bedroom was just as fierce as the one outside.

The Storm Brewing

-The Storm Brewing-

The ticking and clanking of the rain hitting the roof drowned out all other noise in the room. Carefully cocooned under two of his boyfriend's sweaters, three of his own, his boyfriend himself and a thick down blanket, Fiddleford still managed to shiver. It was going to be a long, cold night it appeared.

Ford wrapped himself tighter around the sentient puff of wool that was his boyfriend, his own teeth clattering. His head stiffly lying in the right spot atop his boyfriend's head for the clattering to echo and moan inside his mind, any thoughts that would usually flow peacefully through his head on lazy nights spooned under his lover disappeared before they had a chance to form. He groaned, but the sound fell on deaf ears.

"Ford, darlin'..." he groaned out loud enough to be heard over all the noise. Those words were usually said with a soft and loving coo but the pounding in his head made them take on a new tone.

Ford, seeming to know where the annoyance was coming from, shifted his head and groaned out just as annoyed, "I wouldn't be giving you a headache now, my love, if you would share my own sweaters with me."

"I wouldn't need them if ya had fixed the heater instead of workin' on that evil device!"

"That 'evil device'," Ford hissed through his clanking teeth, "is going to bring us our new president, and I didn't hear you

complaining, my 'darlin'', when it paid for parts for your 'personal computers' that you waste your time onâ€œ"

"Well, I didn't ask you," Fidds spat, 'accidentally' elbowing his lover as he shifted to another position, desperate to find warmth, "Like I didn't ask for you to get another loan with the Northwests for golden statues of a triangle!"

A clash of thunder outside made Fiddleford jump and press closer to Ford, but like the storm taking a turn for the worst outside, the argument that was a daily occurrence now was also beginning to spiral out of control. The wind howled louder but even over it, Ford's heavy disgruntled breaths could still be heard.

"Who is that?"

"Why won't ya ever answer me?"

"Why is that triangle more important than us havin' food on the table?"

Fiddleford was asking things that if he answered them he wouldn't even begin to understand. Bill wasn't only the key to his future and his groundbreaking accomplishments, but this world's. He didn't care if pleasing his muse took away their income, what was a few days without food in comparison to the future of this world? That was the core to Fiddleford's problem, he loved him, maybe too much, but he couldn't see the bigger picture. Discomfort now was worth a bright, advanced, beautiful future. He would be the one to bring the advancements necessary to bring on a Utopian Society where both he and Fiddleford would live together in acceptance and he would make certain his beloved lived like royalty, anything he desired never out of his reach. He couldn't accomplish that goal, that dream without Bill. Fidds, as loving as he was, would never understand. In the future he would deny him nothing, but now sacrifices needed to be made, so he kept silent and denied him the truth.

He felt Fidds deflating underneath him, just like the storm outside his anger was passing and in its place, sadness. He kissed him on the cheek, tasting his tears. He thought this was all punishment, it was far from it. It was for his own good he stayed in the dark, he kissed him again and wound himself tighter around him.

"I love you," he whispered to him, resting his head on his once more.

"Then why do you lie and keep things from me?" The heartbroken plea was so soft Ford almost didn't catch it. He pretended not to.

Letting them fall as silent as the storm, denying Fiddleford anything was his sacrifice and he was willing to take it for his chance at greatness and the bright future that lay ahead of them.

End
file.